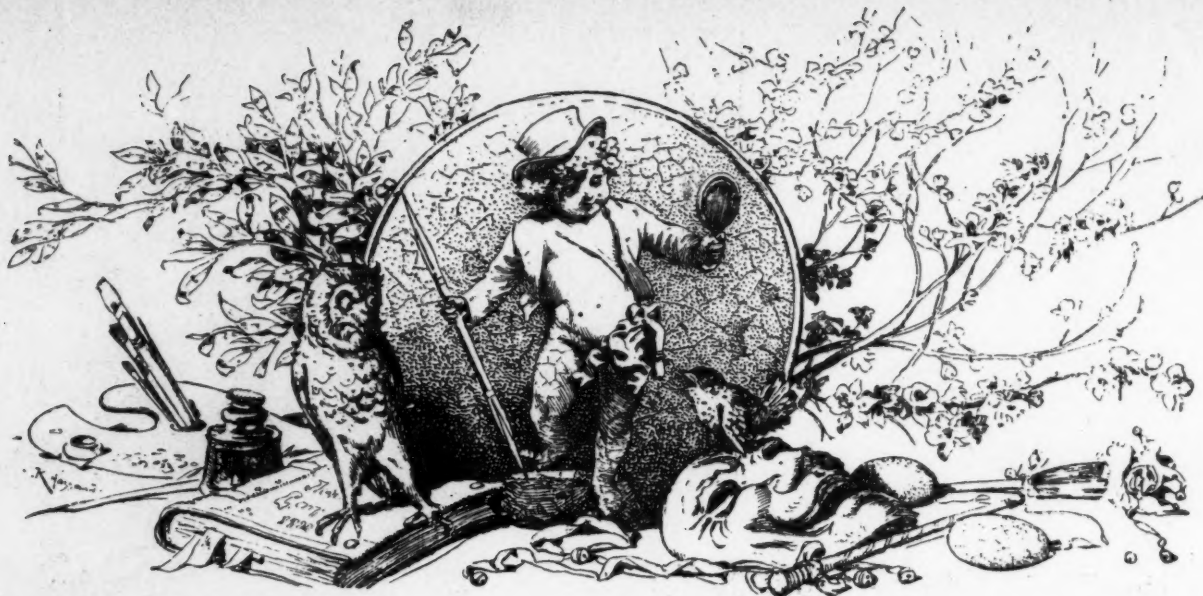


THE TOY DEPARTMENT.

"Bring the little ones; let them enjoy this wonderful Christmas Carnival to their hearts' content."

—Extract from a Department Store Adv.



Published by  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,  
J. KEPPLER, Pres.; A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,  
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## Cartoons and Comments

### LOST: AN ABLE-BODIED FLOOD.

OPPONENTS of the present Administration point with some glee to the fact that customs receipts under the new tariff have fallen below the Democratic estimate. The falling off in customs is a fact, but wherefore the partisan glee? If Custom House revenue is even less than the Democratic estimate, what becomes of the Protectionist prophecy that under the new and lowered tariff "the country would at once be flooded with foreign goods," and "the home manufacturer driven out of business by competition with foreign cheap labor"? The tariff wall is down in spots, but where is the flood? Certainly the customs receipts do not show it. Lost: Somewhere between here and Europe, one flood.

PRESIDENT WILSON's idea of a "peaceful blockade" is not being applied, it seems, to HUERTA alone. There is very much the same sort of a basis to his plan to "curb Trusts" without recourse to the courts. The Attorney-General makes it plain that this is the President's desire "wherever possible," and the matter of the Government *versus* the New Haven Railroad is to be a notable case in point. Anyone who knows President WILSON knows also that this does not mean a do-nothing policy in regard to Trusts. In fact, we should not be very much surprised if the prospective defendants would prefer the prospect of a suit, with all the possibilities of the law's delay, to the quiet, relentless pressure of the WILSON Administration out of actual court. The first, as of old, would be announced by a blare of publicity trumpets, and then

in all likelihood would dwindle away through a maze of hearings, technicalities, and appeals; but the second, we venture to guess, will be much like General GRANT's "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer;" a quiet insistence, a calm assurance to the opposition that there will be no retreat, no losing sight of the main object. We have an idea that some of the prospective defendants would much rather face a TAFT or a ROOSEVELT suit than a WILSON "peaceful blockade." And there is another factor in favor of the latter: Of what benefit to the public as a

whole have been the anti-Trust suits of the past few years? They cost a lot and they took a lot of time, but in what respect is the public benefited? The Standard Oil Company is "dissolved." So is the Tobacco Trust. But both are doing nicely in a state of dissolution. The "melon" business has been fine. President WILSON is to be congratulated on possessing common-sense of a high degree when he determines to settle things out of court, for precious few, if any, of the big industrial problems have been settled *in* court or *by* courts. When President WILSON gets the

kind of laws on the statute-books that he wants and believes the country ought to have, perhaps there will be a change in his policy and in that of his Attorney-General. In the meantime he is giving the business men of the country a fine example of sanity and restraint, and a fine answer to the few who still call him a theorist and a visionary, and who have said all along that his sole object in office would be to disturb things needlessly.

"We swear here and now that the Government shall never, never again lay hands on Mrs. PANKHURST."—"General" Flora Drummond.

Which reminds us not a little of the remark of another famous lady: "I never will desert Mr. MICAWBER!"

"THE Bible is read and studied by New Yorkers as never before. There is a real demand for it."—A Religious Worker.

Sh-h-h-h! If somebody isn't very careful, the descendants of JOB, DAVID, ST. PAUL, and the rest of the authors will knock at the Bible House door and demand back royalties.



A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

FLOOD VICTIM.—This is most annoying! I told everybody I'd be drowned!



ART AND NATURE.



HE sheep upon the sloping green  
Goes "Ba-a-a" on nimble feet;  
The cow goes "Moo-o-o" upon the scene  
With clover bright and sweet.

The dog goes "Bow-wow" all the day,  
The kitty murmurs "Mew,"  
The rooster in the garden way  
Goes "Cock-a-doodle-do."

The duck goes "Quack, quack" — happy bird —  
While swimming all afloat.  
Alas! I cannot spell a word  
The pig to imitate.

In vain my pretty toys I seek —  
Duck, sheep, and dog and cat —  
For Nature's voice — they only squeak,  
And squeak alike at that.

I think it quite ridiculous  
To hear my rooster chant  
Just like the hippopotamus,  
The goat, and elephant.

I think these toys I like the best  
To play with in the hall,  
Should go like Nature when they're pressed  
Or never go at all.

SETTING THE PACE.

ENGLISH POLITICIAN.—You seem to be much faster in this country than we are in England.

AMERICAN POLITICIAN.—Yes. Here we run for Congress, while over there you merely stand for Parliament.



OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

MOTHER.—You should save your money, Willie. The price of everything is going up.

WILLIE.—Then why save it, mamma? The longer I save it the less you can buy with it!

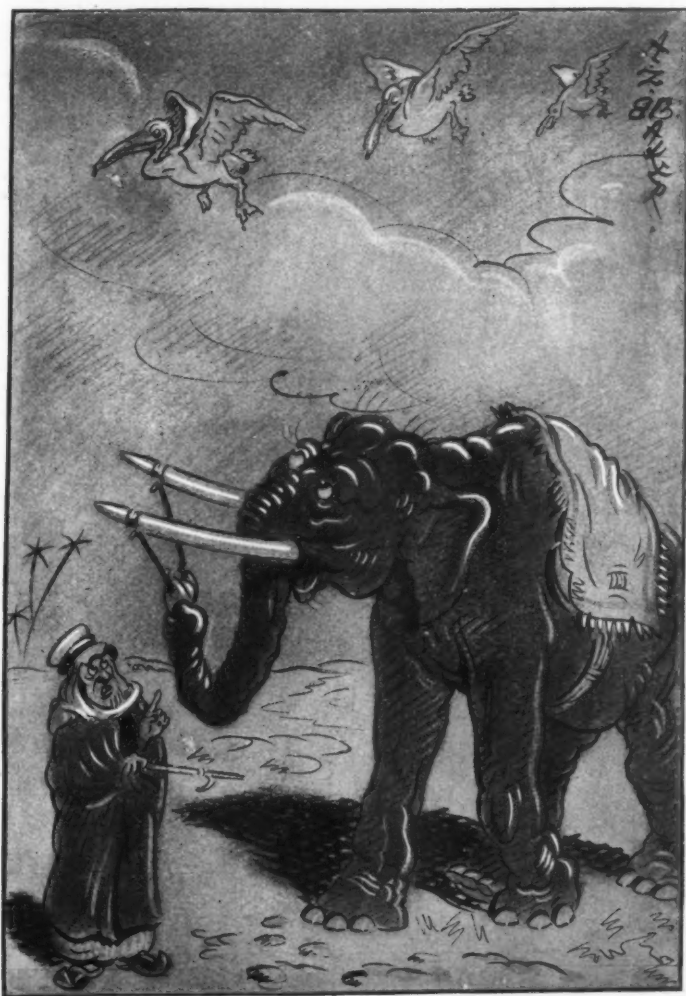
For sale at a sacrifice.

I AM now the proud possessor of a set of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, in 12 vols., published in 1807. I had it struck off to me at an auction-house book sale for the comparatively low price of fifteen cents per volume. I mean low compared with what the cost of publishing it must have been; and until it was sent home, and I commenced to revel in it, I did not cease to congratulate myself, by day or by night, on my wonderful bargain.

But, as I remarked a line or so back, when I laid aside the cares of state and put on my easy slippers, and prepared to revel along down the decline in company with Gib., I suddenly discovered a little eccentricity among the typographical features of the work which would make the great historical composition a luxury to a man with a hare-lip who desired to read something in his native tongue regarding the gradual decline of Roman Empire stock, its final disastrous fall, and the subsequent appointment of a receiver; but which has caused me to reconsider my self-congratulations, and to offer the entire set, positively free, to the first applicant. (Promptly on receipt of seven dollars and forty-nine cents for postage and packing.)

When a man leans back in his chair, with his feet on a gorgeously-embroidered footrest, which came last Christmas and already wobbles badly, and prepares to drink in a portion of the great historian's aggregation of facts, and perhaps read a little aloud to his family, it startles and pains him, I say, to learn that "The Roman fenate poffessed fovereign authority," or that "the firft Cæfars feldom fhewed themselves to the armies, nor were difpofed to fuffer; wife Auguftuf's moderate fyftem being adopted by his fucceffors;" or that, when the Goths were "difputing the paffage of the morafs," it was said to be "flowly finking under thofe who ftood, flippery to fuch as progrefsed."

I say it pains a man, and makes him have cold chills and want to go and confult with fome phyfician to fee if it may not be another cafe of James Jams. And that is why I am ftill ignorant regarding many interefting facts in Roman hiftory, and why my fuperb fet of calf-bound poft 8vo Gibbon's *Rome* (flightly foiled), is for fale or to give away at a bargain.



ALI BIN SLOPA AND HIS TRAINED SLING-SHOT.



LITTLE FRITZY'S IDEA OF GRANDPA IN HEAVEN.

IN WINTER.

A VILLANELLE.



We eat with joy our sausage meat,  
And dream not of the robin's toots,  
Nor summer with its languors sweet.

In lanes no love-songs we repeat,  
Nor smoke, on flower-banks, cheroots—  
We eat with joy our sausage meat.

We dream not of the lambkin's bleats,  
Nor kettled poodle's nervous scoots,  
Nor summer with its languors sweet.

We wander not by fields of wheat;  
But don our clumsy rubber boots,  
And eat with joy our sausage meat.

We whack no musical moskeet,  
Nor think of airy flannel suits,  
Nor summer with its languors sweet.

We have our fill of snow and sleet,  
And gas and plumberful galoots—  
We eat with joy our sausage meat,  
Nor dream of summer's languors sweet.

John Smith's Son—aged 42.

AT McSTART'S RAFFLE.

BURNS.—Oi doan exoc'ly undershtan' th' gein, but here goes.  
WHEGAN.—Shek 'm out!  
BURNS.—Oi t'ought yez jist counted th' rattles av th' box.

CHORUS.—Shek 'm out! Shek 'em out!  
BURNS.—'Thot wor a phluke. Wan o' th' dices hit ag'in another.  
HAGGERTY.—G' wan out o' thot! Yez hov acy high. Pick up th' foor thot's lift an' shek ag'in fer twicet.  
BURNS.—Oi'll not. (*Picks up the whole lot and shakes again.*) Foor-r-ty-fives!  
DOONEY.—Fer hivin's sek! Put him out. It's a dom ould tur-r-rkey we'll git av he delays th' gem like thot!  
BURNS.—Phwat do thot count?  
WHEGAN.—Haythen ages! He do hov foor sixes!  
HAGGERTY.—It's too bad f'r yez, Dinny, but foor is barred in poky shakin'. 'Thry ag'in.  
BURNS (*putting them back dubiously*).—They wor sixes, not foor.  
DOONEY.—Yis, but foor sixes is phwat they calls a scratch, an' ain't allowed in dacint gems.  
BURNS (*carelessly placing his hands behind his back*).—Howlin' blashts! Phwat do count in this blazin' gem?  
WHEGAN.—Ye see, it's this way, Dinny. Haggerty shuk high, it bein' a foive full. Yez hov wan moor shek be our kindness, an' yez must bate 'r tie him.  
BURNS.—Phwat'll do it?  
CHORUS.—It's dapely regrettin' it we are, but six av a kind is all that'll sev yez.  
BURNS (*triumphantly shaking six aces*).—There yez hov it! Yez'll oblige me wid a grip on thot toorkey, Dacey; an' fellies, phwin yez fool wid a fool, be careful yez hev' th' fool t' fool wid. Open that dure!

BAD LANGUAGE.

LITTLE BROWNING.—Mamma, Hubley Howell uses awfully bad language.  
MRS. BACON HILL.—What did he say, my dear?  
LITTLE BROWNING.—He said "Damn yer."  
MRS. BACON HILL (*horrified*).—Oh, Brown-ing! Never you say such a thing as that!  
LITTLE BROWNING (*proudly*).—No, mamma, I never say "yer." I always say "you."

WHAT are the wild waves saying? Why, they are probably telling fish stories to one another.



FRANKNESS ITSELF.

THE BREEZY ONE.—I say, old man, if you'll let me have the loan of twenty dollars I'll be eternally indebted to you.

**H**onesty is the best policy, but like the other kind it generally runs out before the fire happens.

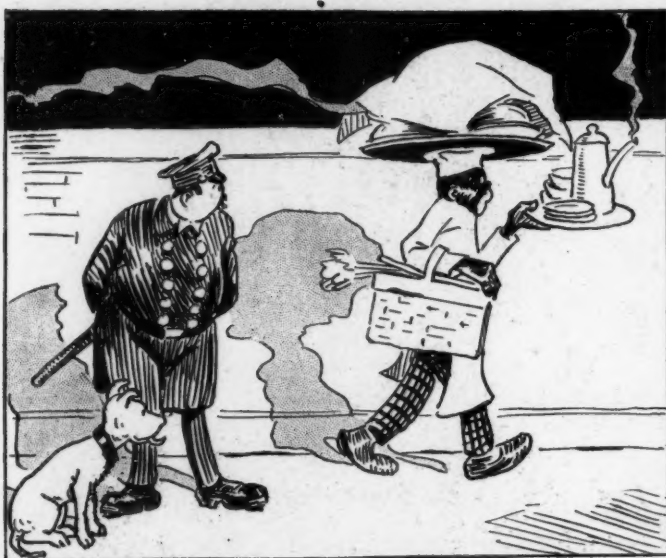




AT HER FEET.

"O heavens! This reminds me! Charlie was to have called this afternoon, and I *know* he intended to propose!"

# THE POLICE-DOG GETS IN SOFT.



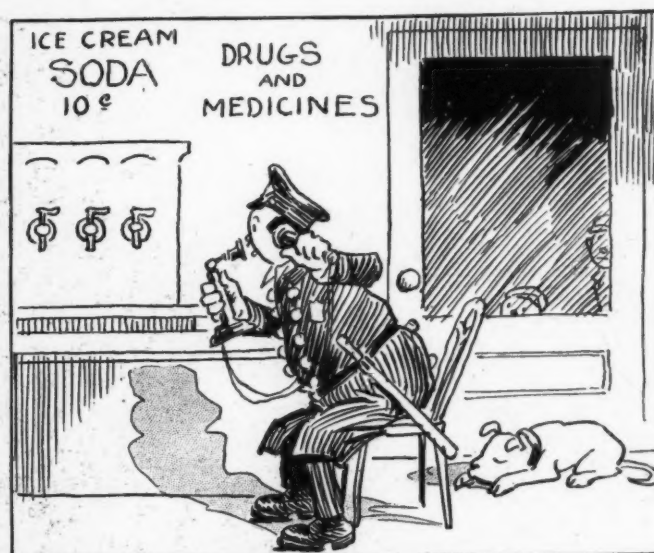
I.  
"I wonder who's going to get that elegant hot Christmas dinner?"



II.  
"Come on, dog. We'll trail along and see."



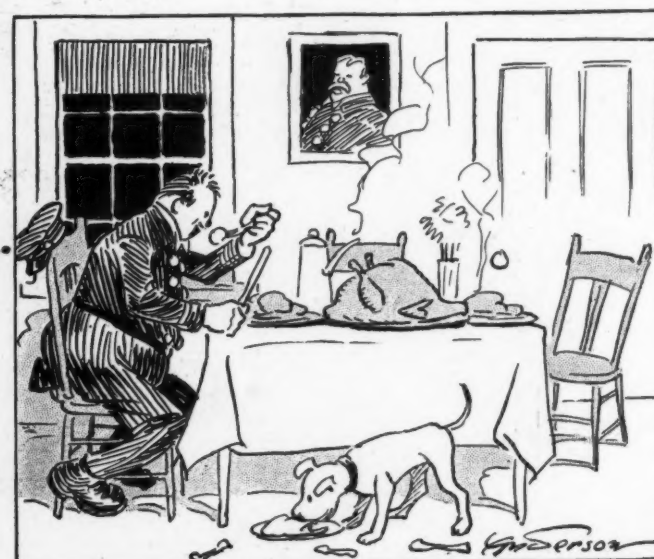
III.  
"Blamed if it ain't for the reserves! The captain must be out."



IV.  
"Hello! Is that the police-station? Well, the captain wants all the reserves to report to him at once."



V.  
"There they go! It worked all right!"



VI.  
"Well, dog, it's a cold day when they can beat us for strategy."

The problem of life for some men consists in subtracting what they own from what they owe.





IF HE REALLY EXISTED.

SNAPSHOT OF SANTA MAKING HOLIDAY DELIVERIES IN NEW YORK.

WANTED: A PRESCRIPTION.



**M**y medical adviser has decreed I must n't worry,  
My chance for convalescence soon particularly slight is;  
My symptoms are indicative of spinal meningitis,  
So it's rather lucky for me that I know I must n't  
worry.

O'er my whole cerebral system sensations piercing  
skurry,  
And up and down my vertebræ each dashing in  
a race is;  
My eyeballs are a-baking and I ache in divers places,  
And I'm naturally nervous,—but I know I must n't  
worry.

The dawning of the morning finds my senses in a  
flurry,  
The night throughout I have n't slept a solitary  
second;  
The dollars that I'm losing I have diligently  
reckoned;

If I did n't know I must n't, I should surely *want* to worry.

To my vision all imaginable evils are repairing;  
And, with grinding resolution on my meditations bearing,  
I shall summon Æsculapius to fly here in a hurry  
And have precisely formulated *how* I must n't worry.

**D**ERE am nuffin' in dis worl' mo' easier t' git dan de t'ing we doan',  
happen t' want.

THE TURKISH IDEA.

**W**HY do you suppose the Turkish Government has suppressed that magazine?  
“On the ground of immorality. It is continually printing poems in which the men are represented as having only one wife.”

FOR LACK OF A POCKET.

**P**OCKETS are wonderful things. They are useful; they are a great solace to the possessor; and who shall say that they are not beautiful 'also? Women should be militant for pockets, not for the vote. The vote follows the pocket as the Constitution follows the flag. Whereas, women have been reduced to stowing away their impedimenta at any insufficient and dangerous point. They have had to carry their street-car change in the finger of a glove. They have resorted to curious modes of concealment in the back hair. But, worst of all, they have had to transact their banking business by the use of a certain garment that covers the—er—lower limb.

Now it goes without saying that when women employ this certain garment that covers the—er—lower limb, they are within their right. They have to put their money somewhere, and Fashion has decreed that they shall lack a pocket. But the normal hours of banking being what they are, having been ordained by the pocket-bearing part of the population, there follow many embarrassments. When a man disburses from a deep, generously proportioned pocket, he can do it with the easy flourish of a magnate. He gets a certain amount of fun from reaching into his jeans and finding divers things there. But when a modest woman gets ready to pay she must needs seek a sheltered haven and have commerce with her bank therein. It's unfair.

But the worst is yet to come. A Cincinnati woman had \$41 on deposit with her—er—lower limb; and this fact became known to a ruffian. Deponent sayeth not how this ruffian knew, but he probably overheard the woman telling someone about it. Suddenly the fellow robbed the bank and ran. He actually stooped to do such a thing. He took the whole \$41 and made off, to the helpless but shriekful consternation of the depositor. The thief was captured, true; but what an experience for a woman—and a woman presumably unfamiliar with low finance!

Men have their pockets picked, indeed, and that is bad enough. But women may fairly object that when they are robbed, as the Cincinnati woman was robbed, they lose not merely their money but their self-possession and their—er—possibly their—er—garment that covers the—er—lower limb.



AMPLELY QUALIFIED.

**R**ECRUITING OFFICER.—I'm afraid you are not heavy enough for a cavalryman. We want men who can ride right over everything whenever necessary.

**APPLICANT.**—That's all right, Cap. I've been a New York chauffeur fer seven years!



WHY NOT A CAR "FOR GUM-CHEWERS ONLY"?



THE PUCK PRESS

RESCUED?

NOTHING DOING IN THE MERCY LINE FROM TH





RESCUED?  
LINE FROM THE BLUEBEARD OF BANKRUPTCY.

# PUCK



A SHOCK-ABSORBER.

## THE POOR TELEPHONE GIRL.



**T**ELEPHONE girls complain that subscribers are growing more rude all the time. This is too bad. We must put a curb upon ourselves. Have we, as a nation, no pride in our courtesy or manners? We should never take down the telephone receiver in anything but a tranquil frame of mind, remembering that our reputation as a polite people is at stake, and that the poor, harassed creature at the other end of the wire is probably busy making black marks against us, and has n't the time to give to our annoying and comparatively unimportant demands. Due allowance must be made for the new bookkeeping.

Each time we have occasion to use the telephone we should be able to smile down into the transmitter, and then proceed along the following lines, with probably this experience: Gently placing the receiver to our ear, we chuck the transmitter cheerily under the chin to begin with.

Silence.

Turning on more smile, we work the hook up and down twice.

Stillness.

We merrily venture "Hello!"

Muteness.

Then we continue with a rippling, laughing "Hello," with a little hook tattoo.

Noiselessness.

"Oh, Exchange, pardon me for butting in, but won't you kindly pay attention?"

Speechlessness.

"Hello, dear Exchange, just a moment please! My neighbor's house is on fire and I would like so much, with your permission, of course, to talk with the Department about it. Any assistance on your part will be appreciated."

Soundlessness.

"Hello, hello! I feel as if I must insist upon an answer, Exchange. Just a word will do. Just breathe the word "Number?" but don't exert yourself, I beg. Did n't you hear me say that there's a bad fire right next door? It pains me enormously to have to trouble you, but I'll not forget your kindness."

Stony oblivion.

"Pardon me, but I'm getting anxious about my house. You see, the wind is in this direction, and the fire across the yard is doing so nicely that I expect my house to catch at any moment, so let me plead with you, if it is n't too inconvenient, to give me the Department headquarters."

Telephonic taciturnity.

This time, with hook accompaniment: "Exchange, I must command your attention. Two sparks have just come through the window,—oh, damn such service!"

Voice at the other end: "Did you ring?"

Harvey Prake.



LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

SMALL BOY (addressing Xmas card).  
—Miss Julia Annabelle Smith, M.D.  
Now I wonder if she'll know that means "my darling"?

## THE UNFETTERED PRESS.

**N**ow, Mr. Pensmith," said the able editor, addressing his newly-engaged assistant; "you will make your leaders pithy, forcible; and, above all things, timely. When you have occasion to strike, deal stunning blows straight from the shoulder. There must be no mincing matters, sir; no compromising with evil; no palliation of abuses, you understand."

"Exactly, sir," was the reply. "I intend, first, to expose the corruption existing in the municipal government. I propose to show up the rotten—"

"Ah—yes! But—er—er—we do the city printing, and—well, you see—"

"H'm! It is also my intention to touch upon the laxity of our divorce laws, and the manner—"

"Well,—er—er—Colonel Corker, the uncle of the young man who recently eloped with his sister-in-law, and is now suing for divorce on the grounds of emotional insanity, owns stock in this paper, and—you know—"

"Er—ah! I see! Well, then, a triumphant outburst about the present prosperity of our city, and the glorious prospects for future—"

"Old Hunks, who owns this building, would raise the rent at once."

"H'm! Let me see! In to-morrow's issue I will dwell at considerable length on the futility of attempting to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; upon the following day, prove beyond controversy that the Prophet Elijah was stuck on himself; and on Thursday I'll draw a melancholy picture of the awful loneliness and sorrow of the last white rhinoceros now roaming somewhere in Central Africa."

"By Jove, Mr. Pensmith! Just follow out that line, let the chips fall where they may, and I'll double your salary next month."

Tom P. Morgan.



CONSISTENT JEWELS.

ST. PETER.—What! You three wish to leave?

SHADE OF BRIDGET CLANCY, THE SPOKESLADY.—We do that! We niver stayed more than wan month in any wan place, an' sure we're not goin' to begin now to plaze any of yez!

**A** SOF' answer tuhneeth away wroth, but it am pow'ful invitin' to book-peddlers.

**T**alk may be cheap, yet some people are always trying to manipulate a corner therein.



## PUCK

### THE WINDOW.

**T**HERE blushes at the window  
A creamy crimson rose,  
And just outside upon the sill  
The storm-king piles his snows.

A slender glass partition,  
Flowered and vined with rime,  
Divides the blushing summer from  
The chilly winter-time.

A child with laughing features  
Looks out upon the snows,  
While on the sill a sparrow  
Looks longing at the rose.

### THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

**A**UNTIE.—And how was mamma dressed at the party, Tottie?

**TOTTIE**.—W'y, she had a pitty, w'ite, long, short dwess—

**AUNTIE**.—But, dear, how could it be both long and short?

**TOTTIE**.—W'y, it was long at the bottom and short at the top!

### A SMART GIRL.

**M**RS. NEWGOLD. — Genevieve—Albertine — you are not playing that duet together. One of you is a bar ahead of the other.

**GENEVIEVE** (*proudly*). — Well, I was the one ahead, anyway!

### CONSTITUTIONAL.

**"I** TOOK a long walk yesterday," said Boreman, as he collapsed into a seat at Busyman's desk.

**"Take another, old man,"** suggested Busyman; "it'll do us both good."

### TURN ABOUT.

**T**OOTs.—It takes an artist to mix a cocktail, according to the experts.

**TANKS**.—I dare say. I've seen a cocktail mix an artist.

### SANCTUM PLEASANTRY.

**"S**O THIS is your idea of wit, eh?" said the editor, as he read Wagg's jokes.

**"Yes, it is,"** said Wagg.

**"Well, the idea is certainly original,"** said the editor.



### MAKING THEIR WILL.

**ROOSTER**.—Thanksgiving missed us by a whisker, but we'll never get away from Christmas.

**"S**TRAIGHT trees have crooked roots." Likewise of some "straight" railroads may this be said.

## HERE AND THERE IN STAGELAND.




### What We Saw at The Princess.

**T**HE PRINCESS THEATRE at the present time is hardly the place to take one's great-aunt or a country cousin (feminine) of tender years; neither is it the best place to take a person afflicted with nerves; but for the average theatre-goer it has filled a long-felt want in New York theatricals. It is the only place in town where one can see a bill composed of several one-act plays, all of such varied character that one is bound to find something of interest before the evening is over. The present bill will cause at least one good shiver up


and down your spine. "The Black Mask" is about the creepiest of any thriller so far. It is by far the best thing on the bill. "A Pair of White Gloves" has been taken off, and last season's "Fear" put in its place. "En Déshabillé" and "The Bride" are the two farcical pieces. The company, headed by Holbrook Blinn, is excellent throughout. Miss Emilie Polini does perhaps the best work of the evening as the wife in "The Black Mask." Willette Kershaw is good in the *déshabillé* scene.

W. E. Hill.

But they all  
Come Back to



**Pabst**  
**Blue Ribbon**  
The Beer of Quality



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**SHORT SIXES;**

Stories to be Read while  
the Candle Burns. ✻ ✻

By H. C. BUNNER, late Editor of PUCK.

ILLUSTRATED.

Per Volume,  
Cloth, \$1.00

Address  
PUCK, N. Y.

MR. FREDERICK TOWNSEND MARTIN in his *Things I Remember* tells us one of the best stories of Monte Carlo that have yet appeared in print. It concerns a friend of his who was walking one day in the Casino Gardens, where he met an old clergyman accompanied by his three daughters:

The girls were very anxious to inspect the rooms, and after much persuasion their father allowed my friend to take them through. "And remember you are not to play," he added, as a parting injunction.

When the girls arrived their guide turned to them. "Look here," said he, "although you are forbidden to play, I will put on some money for you. What's your age?" he asked the youngest one.

"Seventeen," she answered.

He promptly put a louis on the number seventeen at the roulette table. The little ball fell into the number seventeen, and thirty-five louis were handed to the gambler by proxy.

At the next table my friend turned to the second girl. "What's yours?" he asked.

"Nineteen," she replied, and nineteen came up.

"Well," said my friend to the third daughter. "Come along, last but not least."

"Twenty-three is mine," she answered demurely.

A louis was put on twenty-three, but unfortunately twenty-six came up. The unlucky third bore her disappointment like a philosopher, and the little party strolled through the grounds, my friend walking ahead with "sweet seventeen."

"If I were to tell this story," said he, "I should be asked if my name was Ananias. Nobody would believe that the numbers of your age and your sister's came as they did, and if your third sister had been lucky I should have been told to read the story of George Washington and lay it to heart."

"But," replied the youngest of the three graces, "my sister's age did come up."

"Great Scott, it did n't!" exclaimed my friend.

"Hush!" whispered the girl. "Lillie told you wrongly, for she is not twenty-three, but twenty-six!"

"Is YOUR client going to plead insanity?"

"I have n't decided," replied the lawyer. "He wants to look the ground over and see which is the easiest to escape from, the prison or the asylum."—*Washington Star*.

**Club  
Cocktails**

THERE'S many a man who has built a rare reputation as a mixologist who lets us do his mixing for him and keeps his sideboard stocked with Club Cocktails.

Made from better materials than a bar cocktail is apt to be.

Mixed to measure;—not to guess work—as a bar cocktail always is.

Softened by aging before bottling—as no bar cocktail can be.

At All  
Dealers

G. F. Heublin & Bro.  
Sole Props.  
Hartford  
New York  
London



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Tells you fearlessly, candidly, interestingly the inside of public affairs—free to speak the truth and champion the cause of true democracy and equal rights. Regular subscription price, \$1.00 per year. We will send you La Follette's 10 WEEKS --- 10 CENTS if you will send us the names of five persons interested in the progressive cause. La Follette's Weekly, Sept. P. MADISON, WISCONSIN



IN A GROWING—



CITIZEN.—This is a great idea of mine, hiring this cottage in the suburbs where there is plenty of fresh air and sunshine. I'll go and get the family.

A Sherbet is made tasty and delightful by using Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"WHAT can you do?" asked the butcher of the applicant for a job.

"Most anything around a shop."

"Well, I start you at six dollars a week. Can you dress a chicken?"

"Not on six dollars a week."—*Kansas City Star*.





Home after dreary tramping  
through rain and wind. Guard  
against chills and colds with a glass  
of warming, comforting

## Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 Years"

A pure, mellow whiskey endorsed  
by five generations of physicians  
because of its uniformity and ex-  
cellence.

Distilled and bottled in bond.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.



## "Ships of Sunshine"

Because they take you over smiling  
seas to the lands of sunshine and cheery skies,  
known the world over as the "American Medi-  
terranean," including Porto Rico, Bahamas, Cuba,  
Mexico, Florida, Texas and Santo Domingo. You  
can choose no better route than these splendid big  
steamers of the AGWI Lines.

Write us today and let us plan your trip. Address:

**Clyde Line** To FLORIDA, calling at  
CHARLESTON and JACK-  
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Southern resorts. "The best way South."  
From Pier 36, North River, New York.

**Mallory Line** To TEXAS, all points  
Southwest and Pacific  
Coast: GALVESTON, KEY WEST,  
TAMPA, ST. PETERSBURG, MOBILE.  
From Pier 45, North River, New York.

**Porto Rico Line** Steamer leaves New  
York every Saturday  
for SAN JUAN direct. Send for booklet and in-  
formation about sailings, rates, etc.  
General Offices: 11 Broadway, New York.

**Ward Line** To BAHAMAS (NASSAU),  
HAVANA and ISLE OF  
PINES, CUBA, MEXICO and YUCATAN,  
with rail connections to all important interior cities.  
General Offices: Pier 14, East River, N. Y.

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PHILADELPHIA—701 Chestnut Street  
NEW YORK—290 Broadway  
CHICAGO—444 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg.  
WASHINGTON—1306 F. St., N. W.

JOE.—I've got a chicken from home over in my room; come along.  
GISH.—What's her name?—*Princeton Tiger.*

**YOU!!**

—men—if you want the finest  
old, mellow whiskey, order

**OLD  
I. W. HARPER  
WHISKEY**

In 50 years its equal hasn't  
been found.

BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

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Write for Christmas Catalog of Diamonds, Watches, etc.  
Have any article sent to you prepaid. If satisfac-  
tory, send us one-fifth of the purchase price and  
keep it, balance in eight equal monthly amounts.  
J. H. HESS & CO., Dept. 6888 100 N. State St., CHICAGO, ILL.

### COMMUNITY.



CITIZEN (on his return with the family).  
—? ( ) —!!!

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Ab-  
bott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting  
the very best. O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### AGE OF PREVARICATION.

Of the iron age we often hear,  
And the fabled age of gold,  
And now the income-tax brings near  
An age of wealth untold.

—*The Sun.*

### WHO WAS SICK?

"I called a doctor last night."  
"Was anybody sick?"  
"Yes, he was when he saw the hand  
I held."—*Age-Herald.*

# ÆTNA-IZED?



## DISASTER-DISABILITY-DEATH

ARE ALL UNPREVENTABLE AND MEAN LOSS OF INCOME

This loss is inevitable unless forestalled by the abso-  
lute protection of

## ÆTNA DISABILITY INSURANCE

This insurance will protect your income and the in-  
come of your family. For a moderate investment the  
Ætna Life Insurance Company will provide you

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by protecting you and yours against loss by accidental  
injury or death or by disease. The cost is very low  
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provide liberal compensations for losses sustained  
through accident or illness.

LET US TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT

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My name, business address and occupation are written below.

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PRICE ONE DOLLAR.  
Smaller Size, 11 x 8 in. Price Twenty-five Cents.



# The Night Before Christmas and — not a bottle of **Evans' Ale**

in the house would be a deplorable condition for you to be in.  
**ORDER NOW** a dozen bottles Christmas and to "Welcome the New and Speed the Parting Old Year."

A barrel containing 10 dozen bottles would make a hit as Holiday Gift to friend or self.  
Dealers, or C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

## BACK TO NATURE.

The waist-line, which erst was so slender,  
And sometimes was high and then low,  
Is now disappearing completely,  
As pictures in fashion books show.  
I looked for the reason and found it,  
And so, pass it on in all haste:  
We have cried, all these years, "Back to Nature!"  
And in Nature, you know, there's no waste.  
—Plain Dealer.

## ABSENT-MINDED.

"That new hired-man of yours must have been a bookkeeper before he came to you."  
"Why so?"  
"I notice that every time he stops work for a few minutes he tries to put the pitchfork behind his ear." —  
Pathfinder.

## TIME'S DOUBLE.



WIFE.—Can I disturb you a minute, dear?  
HUSBAND.—Sorry, but I have n't any time.  
WIFE.—Just a minute; the dressmaker is here with her bill.  
HUSBAND.—But, my dear child, I told you I have n't any time, and time, you know, is the same as money!

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

"I'm puzzled about this custom of eating by music."  
"How's that?"  
"I can't understand whether the food is intended to keep your mind off the music or the music is intended to keep your mind off the food." —  
Musician.

## == FREE == Christmas Dinners

FOR  
**300,000  
POOR  
PEOPLE**

Will be  
supplied by  
The  
Salvation Army  
Throughout the  
United States  
Will you help by  
sending a  
donation, no  
matter how small

TO COMMANDER  
**MISS BOOTH**



Grandma Gets One

**118 W. 14th St., New York City**  
West's Dept. Comm. Estill 108 N. Dearborn St. Chicago

# Walk, — You, Walk!

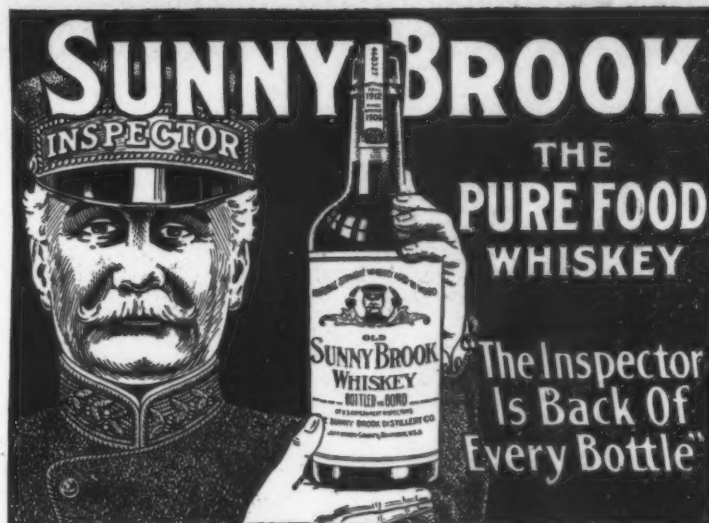
THIS is the poem  
that you read in  
PUCK years ago and  
have been looking for  
ever since. We have  
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"WALK,  
— YOU,  
WALK!"

as a *Booklet*, in large,  
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Every time the clock ticks, a New Name is added to Sunny Brook's list of Life Members—it gains friends every day, and keeps them all. Sunny Brook is a safe, sane satisfying stimulant—its exquisite flavor, soft mellowness and high tonic properties have made it the most popular beverage everywhere, North, South, East and West.

Sunny Brook keeps the nerves right, the grip tight, and the heart light. Every bottle is sealed with the Green Government Stamp, which shows that it is genuine, straight, natural whiskey, and U. S. Government Standard—100% proof. Furthermore, when you buy Sunny Brook—The Pure Food Whiskey—you have the guarantee of the Largest Distillers of Fine, Old Whiskey in the World, that it is scientifically distilled and carefully aged in the good, old, honest Sunny Brook way.

SUNNY BROOK is now bottled with our own patented "Twister" stoppers. One twist un-corks or re-corks the bottle tight. No Need for Cork Screws.

**LOOK FOR THE INSPECTOR ON THE LABEL!**

## WILLING TO INHERIT.

Outside it was snowing hard and the teacher considered it her duty to warn her charges.

"Boys and girls should be very careful to avoid colds at this time," she said, solemnly. "I had a darling little brother, only seven years old. One day he went out in the snow with his new sled and caught cold. Pneumonia set in and in three days he was dead."

A hush fell upon the schoolroom. Then a youngster in the back row stood up and asked: "Where's his sled?" — *Truth Seeker.*

## DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Write for Christmas Catalog of Diamonds, Watches, etc. Have any article sent to you prepaid. If satisfactory, send us one-fifth of the purchase price and keep it balance in eight equal monthly amounts. We want a million names quick. **TEEL DIRECTORY CO., HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.**

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## THE STATE LINE.

Dan Fraser, a Western lawyer, was a classmate of Senator Elihu Root at Hamilton College, in New York. They met at a reunion at Hamilton when Root was Secretary of State.

"Howdy, Elihu?" said Fraser.

"How do you do, Dan?"

There was some general conversation. Then Root said:

"What are you doing, Dan?"

"Oh," replied Fraser, "I'm practicing law. And what line are you in?" — *Saturday Evening Post.*

## HIS GUESS.

MABEL.—If you could have only one wish what would you wish?

FRED (*bashfully*).—It would be that—that—oh, if I only dared to tell you what it would be.

MABEL.—Well, go on. What do you suppose I brought up the wishing subject for? — *Augwan.*

## SHORT SIXES;

Stories to be Read while  
the Candle Burns. ✻ ✻

By H. C. BUNNER, late Editor of PUCK.

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# THE COMPROMISE.

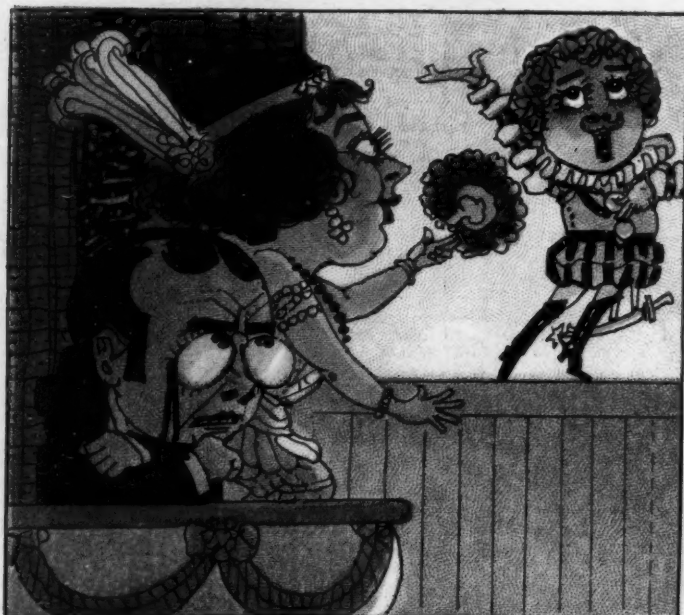
A LITTLE STORY OF MARRIED LIFE.



I.—The Man and the Missus take in a show.



II.—She's pleased; he's peeved.



III.—She's glad; he's mad.



IV.—He's pleased; she's peeved.



V.—He's glad; she's mad.



VI.—Both sad.

AND  
NEXT  
EVEN-  
ING